We tooke this Mattocke and this Spade from him,
As he was comming from this Churchyard side.
*Chiefe Watch.* A great suspition, stay the *Frier* too, too.

*Enter the Prince.*

*Prin.* What misaduenture is so early vp,
That cals our person from our mornings rest?

*Enter* Capulet *and his Wife.*

*Ca.* What should it be that they so shrike abroad?
*Wife.* O the people in the street cry *Romeo*,
Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open out-cry to ward our Monument.
*Prin.* What feare is this which startles in your eares?
*Watch.* Soueraigne, here lyes the Countie *Paris* slaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
Warme and new kild.
*Prin.* Search, seeke and know how this foule murder comes.
*Watch.* Here is a *Frier*, and slaughtred *Romeos* man,
With Instruments vpon them fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.
*Cap.* O Heauen! O Wife! looke how our Daughter bleeds!
This Dagger hath mistane, for loe his house,
Is emptie on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is misheath'd in my Daughters bosome.
*Wi.* O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a Sepulcher.

*Enter* Mountague.

*Prin.* Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To see thy sonne and heire, now early downe.
*Moun.* Alas, my Liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my sonnes exile hath stopt her breath.
What further woe conspires against my age?
*Prin.* Looke and thou shalt see.
*Moun.* O thou vntaught, what manners is in this,
To presse before thy father to a graue?
*Prin.* Seale vp the mouth of out-rage for a while,
Till we can cleere these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head their true descent,





And then will I be Generall of your woes
And lead you euen to death: meane time
And let mischance be slaue to patience,
Bring forth the parties of suspition.
*Fri.* I am the greatest, able to doe least
Yet most suspected as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direfull mu
And heare I stand both to impeach and p
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excuse
*Prin.* Then say at once what thou dost
*Frier.* I will be briefe, for my short dat
Is not so long as is a tedious Tale.
*Romeo* there dead, was Husband to that *I*
And she there dead, that *Romeo's* faithful
I married them, and their stolne marriag
Was *Tibalts* doomesday, whose vntimely
Banish't the new-made Bridegroome fro
For whom, and not for *Tibalt*, *Iuliet* pin
You, to remoue that siege of griefe from
Betroth'd and would haue married her p
To Countie *Paris*. Then comes she to m
And with wild lookes bid me deuise som
To rid her from this second Marriage:
Or in my Cell there would she kill her se
Then gaue I her (so tuterd by my art)
A sleeping potion, which so tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death, meane time I writ t
That he should hither come as this dire
To helpe to take her from her borrowed
Being the time the potions force should
But he which bore my Letter, Frier *John*
Was stayed by accident, and yesternight
Returned my Letter backe, then all alo
At the prefixed houre of her waking,
Came I to take her from her Kindreds V
Meaning to keepe her closely at my Cell

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325a) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G e.25